White Cloud Kansas Chief.

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Choice Poetry.

TO MARY.

'Tis a long time since we met, Mary,
And I often wonder, now,
What inows those long years have left
Upon that girlish brow.
You were a gay young girl, Mary,
When I beheld you last;
And I fear you are a woman now,
That these two years have past!

I have been far away, Mary,
These long, yet happy years,
And I've made another home, Mary,
With its own new hopes and fears!
Yes, faces that you never saw,
Have loving smiles for me,
And voices that you never heard,
Are full of melody!

But the dear old times come back, Mary,
The places which we loved;
The dear room where we used to sit,
The meadows where we roved:
The songs are humming in my ears,
That often you have sung;
And I see the scenes we looked upon,
When you and I were young!

Ay, young! for though few years, Mary,
Have flitted o'er each head,
Yet my heart, like desert sands, retains
The deep marks of their tread!
And you—are you the same, Mary,
The same blithe, joyous girl,
Whose smile was still as beautiful
As the sunlight on each curl?

I used to love you dearly then,
And I dearly love you yet;
For around you cling fond memories,
That I will not now forget!
You were my boyhood's love, Mary,
And that love was deep and strong—
Though it found no tongue in spoken words,
It was often told in song!

It has faded now, and gone, Mary,
But its spell is with you yet;
And I think of that dear dream, Mary,
With a sigh of fond regret—
Regret, that one so beautiful
Should fade without a trace;
Even though a dearer love, Mary,
Now occupies its place!

That was a boyish passion-dream,
That can never come again;
And I only think most mournfully,
Of its pleasure and its pain!
Yet it left so deep a trace, Mary,
That even now it seems
Almost as though I lived once more
Amid those childish dreams!

It may be that on earth, Mary,
We never meet again,
And the wind-harp of your memory
For me will have no strain;
But I shall ever think of you,
As I beheld you last,
Though I know you are a woman now,
Since these two years have passed!

Select Tale.

THE KINLOCH ESTATE, AND HOW IT WAS SETTLED.

(CONCLUDED.)

CHAPTER XVII.

The next day Mr. Alford came to town and advised Mark to marry, forthwith.

"I've been thinking it over," he said, "and I b'lieve it's the best thing to be done. You've got a tough customer to deal with, and it may be some trouble to git all the property out of his hands. But when the heiress is married, her husband can act for her to better advantage. I guess I'll speak to Mr. Rook and have the 'fair 'tended to right away."

Mark submitted the matter to Mildred, who blushed properly, and thought it rather hasty. But Mr. Alford's clear reasoning prevailed, and the time was appointed at once. Mark and Mr. Alford then went to call upon the lawyer. They entered his office without knocking, and by chance found him busy with the accounts and papers; they were scattered over the table, and he was making computations. As soon as he was aware of the presence of visitors, he made an effort to slide the documents under some loose sheets of paper; but Mark knew the bold hand at once, and without a word seized the papers and handed them to Mr. Alford.

"Not very p'lite Square, I know," said Mr. Alford, "but possession is nine p'ints of the law, as I've heered you say; and as you won't deny the hand writin', I 'pose you don't question my right to these 'ere."

The rage of Mr. Clamp may be imagined.

"Good-mornin', Square," said the triumphant executor. "When we've looked over these affairs, we'll trouble you and the widder that was, to 'count for what the schedool calls for."

The simple preparations for the wedding were soon made, and the honest, great-hearted farmer had the pleasure of giving away the bride. It was a joyful but not a merry wedding; both had passed through too many trials, and had too many recollections. And the evident decline of Mr. Hardwick made Mark sad and apprehensive. But he devoutly thanked God, as he clasped his bride to his bosom, for the providence that had brought to him the fulfillment of his dearest hopes.

Here we might stop, according to ancient custom, leaving our hero and heroine to their happiness. But though a wedding is always an event of interest, there are other things to be narrated before we have done with our story.

Not long after, Mark called at the Kinloch house, then occupied by Mr. Clamp; as a measure of precaution, he took Mr. Alford with him. Mildred had never regained her wardrobe; everything that was dear to her was still in her stepmother's keeping—her father's picture, her own mother's miniature, the silver cup she had used from infancy, and all the elegant and tasteful articles that had accumulated in a home in which no wish was left ungratified. Ever since the session of the Probate Court, the house had been shut to visitors, if any there had been. Mrs. Clamp had not been seen once out of doors. But after waiting a time, Mark and his friend were admitted. As they entered the house, the bare aspect of the rooms confirmed the rumors which Mark had heard. Mrs. Clamp received them with a kind of sullen civility, and, upon hearing the errand, replied—

"Certainly, Mrs. Davenport can have her clothes. She need not have sent more than one man to get them. Is that all?"

"Not quite," said Mark. "Perhaps you are not aware of the change which the discovery of the will may make in your circumstances. I do not speak of the punishment which the fraud merits, but of the rights which are now in me. First, I am desired to ask after the plate, jewels, furs, and wardrobe of the first Mrs. Kinloch."

Mrs. Clamp was silent. A word let fall by Lucy suddenly flashed into Mark's mind, and he intimated to the haughty woman his purpose to go into the east front chamber.

"Fine gentlemen," she said, at length, "to pry into a lady's private apartment! You will not dare enter it without my permission!"

And she stood defiantly in the doorway. But, without parley, Mark and Mr. Alford pushed by her and walked up the staircase, not heeding the shout of Mr. Clamp, who had followed them to the house.

"It might seem mean," said Mark to Mr. Alford; "but I think you'll agree presently, that it wasn't a case for ceremony."

He stripped the clothes from the bed. The pillows were stuffed with valuable furs; fine linen and embroideries filled the bolsters. The feather-sack contained dresses of rich and costly fabrics—the styles showing them to be at least twenty years old. And in the mattress were stowed away the dinner and tea services of silver, together with porcelain, crystal and Bohemian ware.

"What a deal o' comfort a body could take in sleepin' on a bed stuffed like this 'ere!" said Mr. Alford; I sh'd think he'd dream of the 'Rabian Nights."

"After this, Madam," said Mark, upon returning to the hall, "you can hardly expect any special lenity from me. The will allowed you an annuity of one thousand dollars while you remained single; since you are married your interest ceases, but you shall receive two hundred a year. The house, however, belongs to my wife. Your husband there, has a home to which you can go."

"Yes," said the lawyer, "he *has* a home, and won't be beholden to any man for a roof to shelter his family."

The pride of the woman was still unbent. Though her cheek was blanched and her lips were bitten blue, still she stood erect and her head turned queenly as ever. The glance she threw to the man who called her wife was enough to have pierced him. Turning to Mark, she said—

"If you will come to-morrow—or Monday, rather—you can have possession of the house and property. My own things can be easily removed, and it will be a simple matter to make ready for new comers."

"I could keep them out of it a year, if I chose," said Mr. Clamp.

"But I do not choose," said she, with superb haughtiness.

"Wal, good mornin'," said Mr. Alford.

As they left the house, Mrs. Clamp sat down in the silent room. Without, the wind whistled through the naked trees and whirled up spiral columns of leaves; the river below was cased in ice; the passers-by looked pinched with cold, and cast hurried glances over their shoulders at the ill-fated house, and the adjacent burying-ground. Within, the commotion, the chill, the hurry, the fright, were even more intense. What now remained to be done? Her son, vanquished in love by a blacksmith's *protege*, had fled, and left her to meet her fate alone. The will had been discovered, and, as if by a special interposition of Providence, the victim of her son's passions had been the instrument of vengeance. The lawyer who had worked upon her fears, had proved unable to protect her. The estate was out of her hands; the property with which she had hoped to escape from the hated town and join her son was seized; she was a ruined, disgraced woman. She had faced the battery of curious eyes, as she walked with the husband she despised, to the Sunday services; but what screen had she now that her pride was humbled? The fearful struggle in the mind of the lonely woman in the chill and silent room, who shall describe it? She denied admission to the servants and her husband, and through the long evening still sat by the darkening window, far into the dim and gusty night.

Squire Clamp went to bed moody, if not enraged; but when, on waking, he found his wife still absent, he became alarmed. Early in the morning he tracked her through a light snow, that had sifted down during the night, to the river-bank, at the bend where the current keeps the ice from closing over. An hour after, some neighbors, hastily summoned, made a search at the dam. One of them crossing the flume by Mr. Hardwick's shop, broke the newly-formed ice and there found the drifting body of Mrs. Clamp. Her right hand, stretched out stiff, was thrust against the floats of the water-wheel, as if, even in death, she remembered her hate against the family whose fortune had risen upon her overthrow!

CHAPTER XVIII.

Mark and Mr. Alford, after their disagreeable interview with the Clamps, went to see Mr. Hardwick, whom they wished to congratulate. At the door they were met by Lizzy, whose sad face said, "Hush!" Mark's spirits fell instantly. "Is he worse?" he asked. A tear was the only answer. He asked Mr. Alford to go for Mildred. "She has just come," said Lizzy.

They found Mr. Hardwick propped up in bed, whence he could look out of the window. The church-spire rose on the one hand, and on the other, the chimney of the shop was seen above the trees on the river bank. By night the column of sparks had gladdened his eye, as he tho't of the cheerful industry of his sons.—Mark tenderly pressed his uncle's hand, and leaned over him with an affectionate, sorrowing interest.

"Der-don't take it to heart, my boy," said Mr. Hardwick. "I am very h-happy."

"I am glad that the boys won't lose the shop," said Mark. "I see you are looking out to the chimney."

"Yer-yes, it was thoughtful of Mr. Kinloch, and a special P-Providence that the will was found."

"You know he mentioned his claim against me," said Mark; "that is paid, and it doesn't matter; but I can't guess the reason for the unusual kindness he has shown towards me."

The old man answered slowly, for his breathing was difficult and often painful.

"It is an old story—old as the dried f-flowers that Mildred told me of—but it had a f-fragrance once. Yer-your mother, Mark, was as per-pretty a girl, as you often see. Walter Kinloch ler-loved her, and she him. He sailed to the Indies, and some der-difficulty happened, so that the letters stopped. I d-don't know how 'twas. But arter a while sh-she married your father. Mr. Kinloch, he m-married too; but I guess he nun-never got the girl of his choice."

Mark grasped his young wife's hand, at this tale of years gone by.

"The lock of hair and the rose were your mother's, then!" she whispered.—"Dear father! faithful even in death, to his friends, and to the memory of his first love! How much suffering and crime would have been prevented if he could only have uttered the words which his heart prompted!"

"God forgive the woman!" said Mr. Hardwick, solemnly. None knew then how much she had need of forgiveness, standing as she was on the brink of that last fatal plunge!

Mr. Alford suggested that the fatigue of talking would wear upon the enfeebled man, and advised that he should be left to get some rest, if possible.

"To-morrow is a S-Sabba'day, ef I've counted right," said Mr. Hardwick. "I sh-should like to see the sun on the st-steeple once more."

"Dear uncle, I hope you may see it a great many times. We must leave you to rest."

"Good night, mum-my children," he replied. "God b-bless you all! Let me put my hands on your h-heads."

They knelt by his bedside, and he blessed them fervently. Mr. Alford and Lizzy remained to attend upon him, and the others withdrew.

The night passed, how wearily! None could sleep, for through all the air there was a passage of sorrow, a solemn "tingling silentness," to which their senses were painfully alive. Who, that has passed the interminable gloomy hours that preceded the departure of a loved and venerated friend into the world of spirits, does not remember this unutterable suspense, this fruitless struggle with eternal decrees, this clinging affection to the parting soul? What a sinking of the heart even the recollection of such a scene produces.

The day dawned upon sleepless, tear-stained eyes. The dying man was conscious, cheerful, and calmly breathing. In the adjoining room the family sat beside the table on which was spread their untasted breakfast.

The bell began to ring for meeting. Mr. Hardwick roused up at the sound, and called for his children. He blessed them again, and placed his hands on their bowed heads in turn. He thought of the psalms which he had so often led, and he asked all to join in singing Billings' "Jordan."

"There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain."

With faltering voices they sang the triumphant hymn. The old man's eyes were fixed upon the steeple, which pointed upward through the clear air, and shone in the golden light of the sun. He kept time with a feeble movement, and once or twice essayed to raise his own wavering voice. A smile of heavenly beauty played over his pallid features as the music ceased—a radiance like that crimson glow which covers the mountain top at dawn. He spoke almost inaudibly, as if in a trance; then repeating with a crucial flow the words of his favorite author,

"Where the bright seraphim in burning row
Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow,
And the cherubic host in thousand choirs
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,
Hymns devout and holy psalms
Singing everlastingly"—

his voice sank again, though it was easy to see that a prayer trembled on his lips. As a strain of music fades into silence, his tones fell away, fainter and fainter; and with the same seraphic light on his countenance his breathing ceased.

Miscellaneous.

BURIAL OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY JOHN B. DILLON.

Where shall the dead, and the beautiful, sleep?
In the vale, where the willow and cypress weep;
Where the wind of the west breathes his softest sigh;
Where the silvery stream is flowing nigh,
And the pure, clear drops of its rising sprays,
Glitter like gems in the bright moon's rays—
Where the sun's warm smile may never dispel
Night's tears o'er the form we loved so well—
In the vale, where the sparkling waters flow;
Where the fairest, earliest violets grow;
Where the sky and the earth are softly fair;
Bury her there—bury her there!

Where shall the dead, and the beautiful, sleep?
Where wild flowers bloom in the valley deep;
Where the sweet robes of Spring may softly rest
In purity, over the sleeper's breast;
Where is heard the voice of the sinless dove,
Breathing notes of deep, undying love;
Where no proud column in the sun may glow,
To mock the heart that is resting below;
Where pure hearts are sleeping, forever blest;
Where wandering Peris love to rest;
Where the sky and the earth are softly fair;
Bury her there—bury her there!

WASHINGTON ON SLAVERY.—Washington is made a responsible endorser now-a-days, for a greater variety of opinions than he could have anticipated.—People will very naturally strain a point to gain the protection of his great name for whatever pet of theirs they fear will become unpopular. One of the latest instances is the following noble quotation (in the N. Y. Evening Post,) from a letter of Washington to Lafayette, in 1798, which is thought to cover the "heresy" of Seward's Rochester speech:

"I agree with you cordially in your views in regard to negro slavery. I have long considered it a most serious evil, both socially and politically, and I should rejoice in any feasible scheme to rid our States of such a burden.

"The Congress of 1787 adopted an ordinance which prohibits the existence of involuntary servitude in our northwestern territory forever. I consider it a wise measure. It met with the approval and assent of nearly every member of the States more immediately interested in slave labor. The prevailing opinion in Virginia is against the spread of slavery into the new territories, and I trust we shall have a confederacy of free States."

AN INVENTION IMPORTANT TO PRINTERS.—We have received from the Inventor, W. A. Hunter, Esq., an improved type case, which we believe to be one of the most important improvements ever introduced into the composing room. The improvement, which can be added to a common case for less than a dollar, consists of a perforated zinc bottom, instead of the ordinary wooden bottom, and a wooden slide moving in grooves beneath it. Through this perforated bottom falls the type dust which now clogs the face of the type and blurs the printed letters, and is moreover considered very unwholesome to compositors, when constantly inhaled. The dust is removed by the withdrawal of the slide. Beneath the slide, also, is placed a bellows, for drying the type when wetted, thus saving much time.

The principle is excellent, and when the inventor gets his manufacturing machinery in perfect trim, we may expect to see this useful invention in every printing office in the country. Those who desire to test the improvement should address W. A. Hunter, Bryan, Williams County, Ohio.—*Dayton (O.) Empire.*

The diplomacy of Mr. Polk gave to Great Britain the gold region on Frazer's river, including Vancouver's. In the race between Mr. Clay and Mr. Polk, every dirty National sheet in the Union had inscribed on its mast head, "Polk and Dallas, Oregon and Texas, 54:40 or fight. Well, we did fight, but not with Britain for 54 deg. 40 min. Mr. Polk gave the boot, and fought with the cripples, and now it appears that he gave up a district of country exceeded by none for value in gold discoveries, coal deposits, and general herding and agricultural purposes. Such is Democracy. Now, in what ought to be our own soil, our citizens will have to pay a heavy tax for a right to dig gold on Johnny Bull's possessions—obtained through the cowardice of the dominant party.—*Lexington Express.*

A PREDICTION OF SCIENCE.—A letter written by Prof. Morse to Hon. John G. Spencer, dated August 10, 1843, while the latter was Secretary of the United States Treasury, and before any telegraphic line was actually at work in this country, contains the following remarkable prediction:

"The practical inference from this law is that a telegraphic communication on the electro-magnetic plan may, with certainty, be established across the Atlantic ocean! Startling as this may now seem, I am confident the time will come when this project will be realized."

Fifteen years, to a month, realizes the prediction.

ENGLISHMEN ON OUR INSTITUTIONS.—The Earl of Carlisle—better known as Lord Morpeth—is rather inclined to despair of our Republic. His Lordship, after reading, on a late occasion, his lecture on his "Travels in America," added a few extemporaneous remarks to the effect that matters have rapidly grown much worse in this country since the time of his visit. He instances the following fearful catalogue of evils:

"The bickering animosity of classes; the jealousy and hatred of the respective geographical divisions; the spirit of political self-seeking and corruption; the looseness and dishonesty of commercial operations; the high-handed ruffianism of the outlying districts; the lust of territorial aggrandizement; the disinclination of the more polished, refined, and upright portion of the citizens to take any prominent part in public affairs; the absence of fair play in the deliberations of Congress, and of dignity and independence on the judicial bench; but above all, the intensity and ferocity which gather around every face on the portentous question of slavery, appear to me to have assumed more terrifying, increasing, and menacing proportions."

A GOVERNOR NONPLUSSED.—The other night as the Ministers were returning from Conference on the E. T. & Ga. Railroad, an amusing occurrence took place between Gov. Brown and Parson Brownlow. Just before the cars arrived at Knoxville, Gov. Brown came up, and taking the Parson by the hand, remarked:

"How do you do, brother Brownlow? I am happy to see you."

The courtesy was returned, when the Governor continued:

"I hope you will moderate in all your notions of propriety in regard to your fellow-citizens—live a good Christian—and last, though not least, become a good Democrat."

The Parson, with the eccentric look peculiar to himself, stretched himself up, and remarked:

"Governor, an old gentleman of your politics, many hundred years ago, took our Saviour upon a mountain and preached just such a sermon."

The outburst of laughter can better be imagined than described.

THE FIRST COMPOSITOR IN IOWA.—The Times office has the honor of having among its compositors the man who set the first type in Michigan Territory, west of the Mississippi. He was a compositor in the office of the first newspaper published in what is now the State of Iowa. The paper was the "Du Buque Visitor," and was edited by our fellow-citizen, John King, Esq. The first type set for it was the title of a story: "The Linwoods," and done by the hand of Andrew Keesecker. Mr. Keesecker has worked industriously at the printer's case nearly the whole time since the Visitor made its appearance on the 11th of May, 1836. He has never tramped like many of the "boys," from town to town, but saved his earnings, never speculating in city lots and fancy stocks, but occasionally purchasing a little real estate. Last year he was offered $50,000 for his property in this city.—*Du Buque Times.*

A VETERAN FEDERALIST.—A short time since an elderly gentleman, whose movements indicated he was not an experienced traveller, was in the day train between Boston and New York. After passing Springfield, and crossing the Connecticut River, he made the inquiry, whenever the cars stopped, "Is this Hartford?" At length that pleasant city was reached, and the neighbors of the old gentleman informed him of the fact, presuming from the interest he had evinced about Hartford, that he had intended to stop at that place. Quietly removing his hat, he said "he was an old fashioned Federalist, and wished to remain with his head uncovered while passing through Hartford, out of respect to the noble men and the glorious political principles connected with the memorable Convention held in that place, Dec. 15, 1814."—*Boston Journal.*

MILES STANDISH'S PIPE AND PISTOL.—At the administrator's sale of the effects of the late Zachariah Standish, in this city yesterday, by S. M. Parks, the veritable Pipe of Captain Miles Standish, which came over with him in the Mayflower, and was smoked by him till the day of his death, was sold. It is a little iron affair, of about the size and shape of a common clay pipe, and though somewhat dilapidated by time, is still capable of being smoked. It was struck off to Mr. Gates of Lebanon, for $15.

A Pistol, which also belonged to the Puritan hero, was sold at the same time. It is of antique make, worn and rusty, and is past military service. It brought $15 from Mr. McCammon — cheap enough, considering the antiquarian interest which will always attach to it.—*Albany Eve. Jour.*

HOW THEY VOTED.—At the organization of the Legislature, at Harrisburg, last week, the Anti-Lecompton Democracy voted with the Lecomptonites—every man of them. The friends of Forney were cheek by jowl with the Buchananites! One single vote in the Senate would have thrown the organization of both Houses of the Legislature against the Administration, and put Pennsylvania explicitly on the side of popular rights; but these precious patriots acted in this case as they have acted heretofore. God save the country from the tender mercies of these boasted advocates of "Squatter Sovereignty!"

I WANDERED BY THE BROOK SIDE.

I wandered by the brook side,
I wandered by the mill;
I could not hear the brook flow,
The noisy wheel was still;
There was no herr of grasshoppers,
No chirp of any bird;
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm tree,
I watched the long, long shade,
And as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid;
For I listened for a foot-fall,
I listened for a word;
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not—no, he came not—
The night came on alone;
The little stars sat one by one,
Each on his golden throne;
The evening air passed by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirred;
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind—
A hand was on my shoulder,
I knew its touch was kind!
It drew me nearer—nearer—
We did not speak one word;
For the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.

PUNS.—In a late number of the Journal, Prentice gets off the following puns:

The telegraph announces that the Democrats of the sixteenth Congressional district, in Pennsylvania, now represented by Mr. Able, have a good deal of difficulty in selecting a candidate. The Convention, we believe, is anxions to effect a nomination to-day, but it will probably not be *Able.*

Parson Brownlow is now having a discussion of slavery with the Rev. Mr. Pryne, and we see that Mr. Brown has challenged him for another. We judge from the language of the challenge, that, if it were accepted, the contest would be between Brownlow and low Brown.

Mr. Orr, of South Carolina, professes a sincere desire to unite the North and the South. Orr is more likely to disjoin them. *Or* is a disjunctive conjuction.

We see some discussion as to the name by which the wire upon the bed of the Atlantic should be called. The world cable is thought inappropriate. Suppose we call it the Atlantic bed cord.

Mr. J. S. Carr, of Mississippi, declares for Yancey's Southern League. Here is a car off the track. Fortunately it is an empty one.

DOUGLAS ON VERMONT.—I was born away down in Yankee land; I was born in a valley in Vermont, with the high mountains around me. I love the old green mountains and valleys of Vermont where I was born, and where I played in my childhood. I went up to visit them seven or eight years ago, for the first time in twenty-odd years. When I got there they treated me very kindly. They invited me to the commencement of their college, placed me on the seat with their distinguished guests, and conferred upon me the degree of LL. D., in Latin, the same as they did on Old Hickory at Cambridge, many years ago, and I give you my word and honor I understood just as much of the Latin as he did. When they got through conferring the honorary degree, they called upon me for a speech, and I got up with my heart full and swelling with gratitude for their kindness, and I said to them: "My friends, Vermont is the most glorious spot on the face of this globe for a man to be born in, *provided* he emigrates when he is very young.—*Speech on the stump in Illinois.*

A RIGHTEOUS DECISION.—The English lords of the bench decided at Westminster, about a month ago, that it was a principle of common law that a counselor, in questioning a witness should address him in ordinary tones, and in language of respect, such as is employed by one gentleman in conversation with another: that such lawyer has no right to question the private business or moral character of a witness any further than it is apparent they absolutely affect his reliability or touch the case in hand: and that a witness is not bound to answer questions put to him in an insulting or bull-doggish manner. If forced to answer by the court, he will have his remedy in action for damages.

A PIECE OF WOOD FOUND FIFTY-SIX FEET BELOW THE SURFACE OF THE GROUND.—Yesterday forenoon, the contractor for digging a well for Donn Piatt, on Dunsett alley, below Pearl street, and between Vine and Walnut, came across a log of wood, *fifty-six feet* below the surface of the ground! The wood was found upon a gravel bed. Thirty feet down from the surface was evidently made ground, while below that, to the depth where the log was found, the soil was solid blue clay. The probability is, that at one time, many years ago, long before Cincinnati was dignified with a locality upon the map, the Ohio River covered the ground where this log was discovered.—*Cin. Gazette.*

The editor of the Cleveland (Tenn.) Banner has adopted the financial policy of the times. As he is not anxious to cause any distress among the large class who owe him for subscription, advertising and job work, he has concluded to suspend the payment of his own debts, and thus relieve those who are indebted to him. He says:

"This is the policy of the banks to relieve the people, and if the argument holds good in banking, it should also bear with equal force upon printing."

DISCOVERY OF A CHEST OF OLD COINS.—The Court (London) Journal has the following:

"A most extraordinary discovery, which, for obvious reasons, is sought to be kept a profound secret, has taken place in an old ruined house at Iriel. An immense chest, full of gold and silver coins of English stamp, has been found concealed in one of the cellars, where it had been carefully walled up. From the papers and documents contained likewise in the chest, it has become evident that the house was once inhabited by Bollingbroke, who must have lain concealed here during the period wherein his whereabouts has always remained a puzzle to biographers and historians. In one of his letters, he mentions that 'his retreat is convenient to the Seine.' And the house in question is found to possess a subterranean passage leading down to the water's edge. The money is evidently the result of the subscription raised by the party of the Pretender, for want of which the latter was prevented from striking a decisive blow."

OLDEST PRINTER AND EDITOR IN OHIO.—Mr. Joseph W. White is doubtless the oldest editor and printer in Ohio, being now in his seventy-first year, and working regularly at the case in this office. In 1809, in connection with Porter Sawyer, he commenced the publication of the Muskingum Messenger, the first paper ever printed in Zanesville. Mr. White also edited and published the first Democratic paper in this County. It was called the Ohio Democrat, the first number of which was issued in March, 1828. For the first six months the Democrat was issued at Paris, after which the office was removed to Canton. The old gentleman says that it was in the Fall of this year that the first Democratic officers were elected in the County, and that the Democracy were so elated by this, their first victory in the County, that they kept the old Court House bell ringing for two days and nights in succession.—*Massillon (O.) Journal and Times.*

Instead of saying yesterday that if we were to break into the Democratic party, the editor of the Democrat could, like the smallpox or the measles, break out, we were made, by the printer, to say that *we* could break out like the the smallpox or the measles. That was a horrible blunder, to be sure.—*Lou. Jour.*

No apology was needed. It would be difficult for the Democracy to make a choice—whether the smallpox should break out in the party or you should break in.—*Cin. Enq.*

The Washington Union is a polypus in the party's nose, the Washington Star, a stitch in its side, the Richmond South a worm in its belly, the Lonisville Democrat a tubercle in its lungs, and the Cincinnati Enquirer a fistula in that part of it where such things grow, and we don't suppose its condition could be made much worse if, in addition to all these maladies, it had cancer, dropsy, smallpox, yellow fever and Turkish plague.—*Lou. Journal.*

HOW A MORMON PRIEST FULFILLS THE GOLDEN RULE AND PRAYS FOR HIS ENEMIES.—Said Heber Kimball, who is next in power to Brigham Young, "I love my friends and I don't like my enemies; but I follow the Scripture rule and pray for them."

This was said in the presence of Dr. Forney, the new Superintendent of Indian Affairs, who complimented Heber upon his Christian spirit, telling him he was happy to hear that he prayed for his enemies. Imagine the horror of the good Doctor (Big Medicine the Indians call him,) when he added—

"Yes, I pray that they may all go to hell! The Bible says if a man smite you on one cheek turn to him the other also. Well I'll turn the other cheek, but if a man smites that, let him look out for a devil of a lick himself."

SPEAKING FOR BUNKUM.—Jos. Tinker Buckingham, in his "Personal Memoirs," (Boston, 1852, vol. 1, p. 207,) in speaking of Mr. Culpeppor of North Carolina, "who voted for the 'Compensation Law,' and suffered the penalty of his independent votes," adds this note:

"Buncombe County, in North Carolina, was a part of the district which Mr. Culpepper represented, and the place of his residence. In advocating the 'Compensation Law,' he said he was not speaking merely for Buncombe, but for the nation. Hence the phrase 'speaking for Bunkum,' when reference is made to a self-electioneering speech, has grown into a proverb."

AGES OF EDITORS.—The accurate account of the age of editors given in the Springfield Republican a few days since, has incidented the Boston Gazette to the following:

Col. Green, of the Post, is seventy years old. Haskell, of the Transcript, was born in 1801, and Rodgers, of the Journal, took a part in the war of 1814. Mr. Pangborn, of the Atlas, is about fifty, and Mr. Clark, of the Courier, was an old man when we were a boy. Ben Perley Poore was a friend of Mungo Park's, and, though still fresh, must be very advanced. Bennett, of the New York Herald, is ninety-three.

By the death of a Mr. Hobson, of Calcutta, a youth, now in the employ of a printer in London, is suddenly put in possession of more than a million and a half sterling. It is said the young man had no previous knowledge of his relation, except as to having once heard his mother say she had a brother in India.